

To Our Friends,

It's been such a joyful year and I'd like to take this time to update you all on me and the kids. Also, thank you to everyone who offered me condolences on Facebook for my husband's passing— the flowers some of you sent were great to regift.

Without further ado, enjoy our annual Holiday Letter!

We'll start with Robbie, who at the age of 24 has been out of college long enough to have several failed tech-startups under his belt. Google, Tesla, and Oracle all have openings in Austin but he's wisely in a networking phase before he applies— who knows how many connections he can make while delivering pad thai to those offices!

I have his toiletries sent to his house every month with Amazon Subscribe & Save— because if I didn't, he'd wash his balls with dish soap. Unfortunately this means that he currently has 12 bottles of unopened conditioner lined up next to his tub. His roommates are just darling to put up with it, and in return Robbie puts up with the unwashed fleshlight that's always being left out on the bathroom sink.

As we all know, Robbie's ever the social butterfly, and has been racking up a considerable 'body count' on Tinder, Hinge, and OKCupid (the fact that kids are using that last one almost makes me feel relevant!). The other night he got a bloody nose while giving cunnilingus, and then blamed the girl for getting her period and ruining the mood. I feel that this is a direct result of my internalized misogyny.

Melody is my perfect angel as ever— she's been truly excelling as a full-time actress/part-time beneficiary of Daddy's IRA. Her most recent credits are Girl Getting Mansplained In Honda Commercial, Girl Working For Minimum Wage In McDonald's Commercial, and Girl Getting Sexually Harassed In Uber/Lyft Lawsuit Commercial. Some of these are running nationally, and not just on the Spanish channels either!

I'm so proud of Melody for recently completing her first screenplay. It's a 20 minute short film about her and her friends recording auditions in their bedrooms and roasting each others' Instagrams, titled "Self Tape." She's going to be crowdfunding on Seed & Spark over the next few months so do drop a couple hundred if you love me! If you don't, I'll have to contribute her whole \$30,000 goal myself by donating \$500 at a time under different names.

Melody celebrated her 26th birthday this year by attending a yoga retreat on a bio-dynamic farm in Lockhart. Sure, sometimes I worry because her friends are mostly old white men with dreadlocks who are "body-workers," "Tantric healers," and "Yoni Chi masseuses," but she has a much better handle on saying 'no' to sex than I do.

Speaking of their father— I miss Daddy, aka Jim, more and more every day. It's been six fateful months since the police found his body disintegrating inside of the local water tower, and I have to say I've been saving a lot of money on Dasani since. And the taps aren't the only thing running at my house! Every time I see a police car nearby, I pretend like I'm on my daily jog! I've been feeling quite lonely and so I tried to join a social group of likeminded people- the 'Austin Murderinos.' Unfortunately this turned out to be just a fan-group for a popular true-crime

podcast, and I can't stand those types of shows. Still, it's good to keep my eye on the Facebook page because they like to pick apart and theorize on every local headline. Keep your friends close and your—

Anyway, the single life is treating me well. Last week I got a 20% off discount on spoiling meat at HEB. The deli guy wasn't going to give me the sticker, but then I laid on the charm and flashed my newly ring-less finger. It's the little things (or in his case, quiteeee large) that make being a widow bearable.

Well, that's all from us down here in Texas. We hope you have a very merry CHRISTmas and a happy new year! Just one more year closer to that Statute of Limitations!

With love and money (not enclosed),
The Bradshaws